Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day ouercaſt,
This ſodaine ſcab of rancour I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward:
But come my Lo: ſhall we to the tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes,
This day thoſe men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat,:
But come my Lo; let vs away. *Enter Haſt. a Purſuant.*
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow preſently.
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your Lo: to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that: *He giues him his purſe.*
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *(Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What ſir Iohn you are well met,
I am beholding to you for your laſt daies exerciſe:
Come the next ſabaoth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers in his eare.*
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a prieſt,
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the prieſt
Your honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knoweſt it not:
Come ſhall we go along? *Exeunt.*
Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.
Ratl. Come bring forth the priſoners.
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.
Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudſuckers.
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie priſon,
Fatall and dominious to noble peeres.
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads:
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne:
Riu. Then curſt ſhe Haſtings, then curſt ſhe Buckingham:
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatiſfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Lords to Councell.
Haſt. My Lords, at once the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fiting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Riu. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time,
Buc. Who knowes the Lord protectors mind herein?